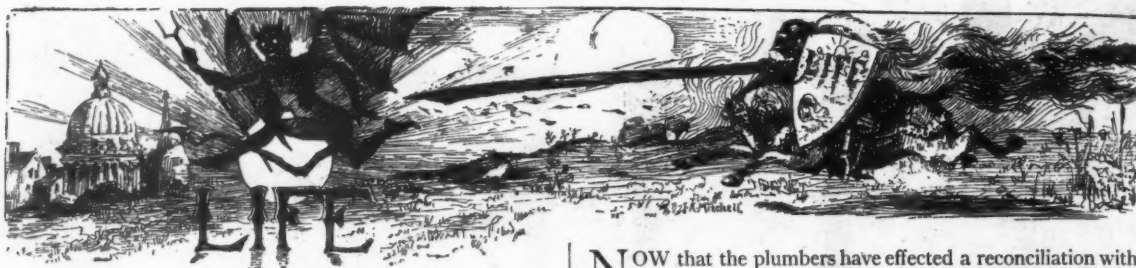




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THREE OF A KIND.



VOL. IV. JULY 10TH, 1884. NO. 80.

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IS the subjoined paragraph, from our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune* of the 2d, a symptom of Flop?

"Let us forego our prejudice and endeavor to find even in the most seemingly repulsive of God's creatures something to wonder at and admire."

\* \* \*

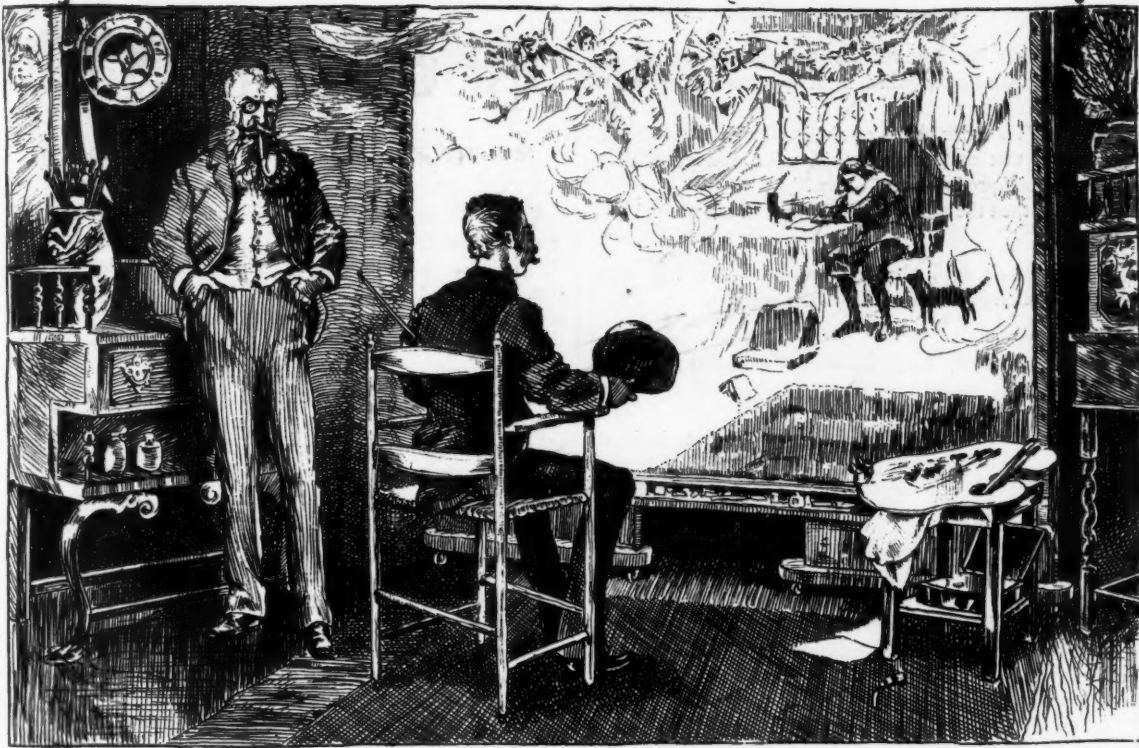
THE obsequies of Mr. Henry Wagner, the late cashier of the 3d National Faro Bank at Waco, Texas, who died suddenly after having a misunderstanding with Mr. William Brown of the same city over a stock of chips, were of a novel and somewhat interesting nature. Mr. Wagner had expired in his boots and his grief-stricken widow, touched with frontier pride, had resolved that he should be buried in them. On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Ingalls who was called upon to read the services, considered the boots as a symbol of violence, and declared his intention to deny Mr. Wagner the comforts of bell and burial unless he should appear at the ceremony in slippers. This divided the Wagner coterie into two factions, boots and anti-boots, and at the hour appointed for Mr. Wagner's funeral the adherents of each swarmed to the house. The original boots in which Mr. Wagner had breathed his last had been secretly cut from his feet during the night by some emissary from the hostile camp, but the watchful relict had supplied their place with a new pair. The Rev. Mr. Ingalls arrived, but casting one glance at Mr. Wagner's feet, reassumed his hat and prepared to leave. Mrs. Wagner, anticipating, had stationed herself in the doorway. There was a moment of brief silence and then with the enthusiasm for which Waco is celebrated, both factions met in battle, the result of which was that not only was Mr. Wagner triumphantly buried in boots, but also the Rev. Mr. Ingalls, a deputy sheriff, two cousins of the deceased and Mrs. Wagner herself. Religion has a strong grip in Waco, but the local pride of the community cannot be ruthlessly trampled upon.

NOW that the plumbers have effected a reconciliation with their workmen, it really seems that the finances of the country are doomed.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL of our esteemed contemporaries have recently made a prodigious fuss over a bill of \$7,000, which was presented by a prominent local dentist to a Venezuelan general for four days' work upon the teeth of the latter's wife. It is very evident that our esteemed contemporaries have but little idea of the expense involved in gold-mining in Venezuelan back teeth, and as a simple act of justice we publish the following items. It will be borne in mind that the rules are those fixed by the College of Odontological Ethics, and are in vogue throughout the United States and Canada:

To inquiring patient's name.....	\$5.00
To trying to recollect same.....	2.50
To appointing hour for visit.....	19.00
To recording same.....	2.00
To keeping appointment with patient.....	25.00
Asking patient what's the matter.....	10.00
Requesting patient to wait a few minutes, at \$2 a minute.....	70.00
Screwing up chair, \$2.50 a turn.....	17.50
Telling patient to open mouth.....	10.00
Punching tooth with crowbar to see if it is sensitive, at \$5 a punch.....	25.00
Finding out if it is sensitive.....	6.00
Examining tooth without mirror.....	20.00
Examining tooth with do.....	20.00
Use of cuspidor.....	50.00
Laughing gas, at \$50 a snicker.....	250.00
Stuffing mouth full of cotton, at \$50 a bale.....	150.00
Looking over box of instruments.....	72.00
Selecting instrument.....	300.00
Rolling up sleeves.....	50.00
Getting to work on tooth.....	950.00
Pulling out wrong molar.....	500.00
Use of cuspidor.....	50.00
Blasting and dredging.....	450.00
Six bales extra cotton, at \$50.....	300.00
Ascertaining which is right molar.....	700.00
Jerking same.....	1.00
Use of cuspidor.....	99.00
Showing tooth to patient.....	50.00
Asking her how she feels.....	150.00
Asking her if she'd like to have the tooth wrapped up in a nice white paper to take home.....	150.00
Being told "no".....	50.00
Charging items in book.....	500.00
Use of cuspidor.....	50.00
Incidentals.....	950.00
Interest on account rendered.....	600.00
Wear and tear on nervous system.....	250.00
<b>Profit.....</b>	<b>\$6,850.00</b>
	<b>150.00</b>
	<b>\$7,000.00</b>



THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

*Wealthy Amateur:* SINCE YOU SPOKE TO JONES AND ME ABOUT THIS PICTURE, CADMIUM, WE HAVE ARRANGED THAT ONE OF US SHALL HAVE IT.

*Cadmium (brightening):* I AM GLAD OF THAT, VERY GLAD; GLAD ON YOUR ACCOUNT, TOO. WHICH OF YOU HAS IT?

*W. Amateur:* WELL, WE ARE GOING TO PITCH UP FOR IT, AND THE ONE THAT LOSES TAKES THE PICTURE.

TO A CHINESE IDOL.

ONCE you ruled, a god divine,  
In a sacred, steady shrine  
Near a river dark as mine,  
'Mid the trees,

And to you the mandarins,  
With their smooth, unshaven chins,  
Prayed absolution from their sins  
On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,  
With their raven hair in braids,  
Sought you in your quiet shades  
'Neath the boughs;

Haply, for a thousand years,  
You beheld their smiles and tears,  
Listened to their hopes and fears,  
And their rows.

Now above her escritoire  
In my lady's pink boudoir,  
Ever dumbly pining for  
Last repose,

You sit stolid day by day,  
With your cheeks so gaunt and gray,  
Stony eyes and *retroussé*  
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er  
Persian rug and polished floor  
You will frown forevermore,  
Grim as hate;

A divinity cast down,  
Having neither shrine nor crown,  
Once a god, but now a brown  
Paper-weight!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## BOOMLETS.

THE Boston *Post* declares that there is only one word to rhyme with Logan, which most opportunely happens to be Slogan.

Has the *Post* never heard of a Blow-gun? And has its editor never met that orthoepisticide who pronounces New England's chief product as "Brôgan?"

And even then the returns from Tennyson are not in!

\* \* \*

THE printer's devil who set up an account of the recent celebration in Germany under the heading,

*The Pied Typer,*

has been boycotted by the profession for indulging in personalities.

\* \* \*

THERE are rumors in Ha-noi that the city is to be bombarded by the French.

That's what's the matter with Ha-noi!

\* \* \*

IT is n't so much what Logan did, as it is what can McAdoo.

\* \* \*

A PROMINENT politician states that the Republican party is on its last legs, and very weak in the knees.

Knees? Why, what can—oh, yes. Hm! ah ha, we catch. Nominees!

\* \* \*

MR. MAC VEAGH declares that he is out of politics. That settles it.

Politics will have to put up the shutters and quit.

\* \* \*

THE reliable N. Y. daily press. Clippings from leading newspapers on Monday, June 30th, 1883:

[*The Times*.]

## THE GREAT NEWSPAPER RACE.

"THE TIMES" FIRST SOLD YESTERDAY AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

[*The World*.]

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., June 29.—THE WORLD pony express arrived here at 12:28, beating all opposition twenty minutes.

[*The Tribune*.]

## THE TRIBUNE WINS AT RICHFIELD.

Thus is public opinion formed.

\* \* \*

IF reports be true, Mr. Lowell painfully realizes the force of the French proverb: *Chacun a son gout*.

\* \* \*

THE latest description of Mr. Geo. William Curtis hails him as the editor of *Flopper's Weekly*.

\* \* \*

THE Democrats are kicking up the annual row about the Naval Steal.

That's just what we want—steal clad monitors!



## MULTIPLEX IMMORTALITY APPLIED TO BLAINE.

A VERY ingenious fantasy has been evolved by Edward Bellamy under the title "Miss Ludington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality." The inspiring idea of it is that our "dead selves," far from being only "the stepping stones" on which we rise "to higher things," are really not dead at all; but careless childhood, passionate youth, mature manhood or womanhood, each has an immortal existence, and all are, somewhere, reunited, the immortal individual being like a gem with many facets, or like "one clear harp" with "divers tones." Materialize, by a spiritualistic medium, the beautiful girlhood of a disappointed old maid whose youth and charms were suddenly taken from her by illness; make the two companions for each other and give the spirit girl a dreamy lover; suddenly lift the supernatural veil, and show the mechanism of it all to have been the clever trick of vulgar charlatans—then you will have the materials for a very delightful romance.

The artistic skill with which, after the reader is disillusionized, he retains his interest in the characters and sympathizes with them is one of the greatest charms of the book.

LIFE commends this theory of immortality to the managers of the Blaine campaign. Let the fourth floor of the Fifth Avenue headquarters of the Republican National Committee be immediately set apart for a corps of Mediums who shall at once begin to materialize the dead past of the Plumed Knight. What an irresistible campaign it would be if the Committee could send forth, at one and the same time, the rosy-cheeked Catholic Sunday-School boy to address the Romish Communities, the Calvinistic young collegian into the Presbyterian strongholds of Pennsylvania, the mature Congregational brother (with two whole pews in the sanctuary) to the doubtful state of Connecticut, the friend of O'Donovan Rossa, into the dynamite districts of Finerty and Richelieu Robinson and the Chinese-hater to the Pacific Coast!

A word of caution is necessary. Don't materialize too many spirits; and assign them with great care to the various districts. It might be disastrous to send the author of the surplus revenue scheme into free trade Iowa or Kentucky; the erring spirit who wrote to "My dear Fisher," about saving the Little Rock and Arkansas bill, would not be received with open arms in a highly moral community like Boston; the ardent advocate of the Landreau claim and originator of the South American policy, would not command the confidence of conservative business men in New York City; and the illustrious magnet would be repelled from any respectable town.

With Elkins, Joyce, Pastor Ecob and Phelps as chief materializers, the success of the scheme can be assured.

?

Why do the { summer roses die?  
willows weep?  
Yankees all like pie?  
babies creep?

Why do the { happy days all pass?  
lovers sigh?  
horse and cow eat grass?  
fishers lie?

Why do the { bearded lions roar?  
birdies sing?  
ancient maidens snore,  
And vow they do "no such thing?"

WM. T. DUGGETT.

A HACK-DRIVER—a cough-drop.

THE suits against the elevated railroads are still prolonged by the lawyers—"Where the car-case is, there will the vultures be gathered together."

A PICTURE in the Academy of Design, catalogued as "a bunch of hot-house grapes," sold for \$85.00. At this season of the year they were too cheap to be real.



WHAT IS YOUR DOGGY'S NAME, DAISY?  
DAMN.  
WHY, YOU WICKED CHILD, WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT WORD?  
WHY, MARION, THAT'S WHAT UNCLE GEORGE SAYS—"DAMN THE DOG."

THE latest Leisure Hour novel is a translation from the German of Fr. Henkel's "Mistress of Ibichstein." It is a pretty story, with a Prince and Princess, courtiers and maids-of-honor, a proud woman and a faithful lover, walking gracefully and romantically through its pages.

DROCH.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER.* By Edward Bellamy. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

*The San Rosario Ranch.* By Maude Howe. Roberts Bros., Boston.

*The Usurper.* By Judith Gautier. Roberts Bros., Boston.

*The Adventures of My Freshman.* By R. H. Davis. Moravian Print, Bethlehem, Pa.

*The Countess of Monte Cristo.* T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

*A Fair Device.* By C. W. Balistier. J. W. Lovell Co., New York.

He thought he would buy a bicycle,  
And then he would try a tricycle;  
Ere the "bi" he could buy,  
Or the "tri" he could try,  
He was stiff and cold as an icicle.

#### STATE CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR McCosh:

I received my LL.D. packed in with the trout this morning. Many thanks for the trout. What does LL.D. mean?

Y'rs, C. A. A.

Most Honored Sir:

LL.D. generally refers to a man's proficiency in Laws. Princeton, however, desired to confer something on you as a reward of merit for sending your son here. *Vox populi de ergo whangtankerus*; as you will at once perceive, and you are therefore made Doctor of Lines!

Obediently yours,

McCosh,  
President.

Dear Mac:

What lines?

C. A. A.

Dear Chet:

Fish lines.

Ta-ta,

McCosh.

This may account for the rumor that young Arthur cannot get enough education at Princeton and expects to spend four years at Yale.

A REMEDY for the feeling of being down in the mouth is to make champagne share it with you.

## CAMPAIGN ANECDOTE.

A CHARMING story is told of the great and good man who is now running for the exalted position of President of the United States, and the youth of our land, each and all of whom expect some day to be President, should study it well that their ambition may be gratified.

One day, when Mr. Blaine was a little boy, he was playing in his father's garden with the hose. He was very busy helping his father watering stock, an occupation which has fitted him for such offices as President, and has led up to his large treasures, which in addition to those laid up in Heaven, he has put by for rainy days upon earth. His father's back was turned, and little Jimmy, seeing him leaning over to pull a few weeds, was so overcome by the magnitude of the opportunity, that he turned a stream of water upon his affectionate progenitor, which landed him with considerable force in the strawberry patch several rods away. Naturally Mr. Blaine, Sr., was angry, as both the strawberry and other patch were his favorite ones—he had on his store clothes—and he turned wrathfully upon his youthful scion, and said:

"James, who done that?"

"Father, I cannot tell a lie," replied the future politician; "brother Winthrop done it!"

As James never had any brother Winthrop, he will ever live in the mind of posterity as furnishing an example of the uselessness of lying, and on that very day James's father instilled in his little son's heart such a veneration for truth that he has feared it ever since, and as his reward this child, who has now grown to be "a bigger man even than old Grant," may soon lie tranquilly at rest in the White House at Washington.

J. K. B.

WE read in a fashion journal: "Brass bedsteads grow in favor." "Would to all the elder gods that they might also grow in length!" ejaculates a Titan club member at our elbow.

## JUDITH ROONEY,

OR

## SKIM-MILK AND DAISIES.

A NOVEL BY

W.-LL-M B.-L-CK.

*Friends are requested not to send flowers.*

## CHAPTER I.

OUR heroine's Father, Mr. William Shakespeare Rooney, began life as a professional poet. One of his first efforts in this direction was an ode to a Miss Laura Dorsey, the construction of which was attended with difficulties that would have discouraged an ordinary man, for although "Dorsey" and "horsey" jingled well enough together, there was absolutely nothing that would rhyme with "Laura" except horror and "be-gorra," and somehow or other the latter seemed a trifle too un-classical. However, in time the poem was finished and dedicated, after the manner of that patron saint of bilious-

ness, Petrarch, "To the Madonna Dorsey," the consequence of which was, that the old man Dorsey, being a strict Roman Catholic, gave young Rooney such a drubbing that he at once deserted the muse for the box seat of an ash-cart.

In this new sphere Mr. Rooney saw much of the world and society, and learned the sad old lesson that hard work and honesty result only in poverty and degradation, and that ignorance and stupidity are the only things that succeed in this sweet world of ours. Therefore like a wise man Mr. Rooney went in for politics and a rum shop, and decided that his only daughter Judith should be brought up in such total ignorance and seclusion that she could not help but be a success.

With this object in view he obtained for her the position of keeper of Point Judith light-house, and here let me state that, whether Judith was named after Point Judith, or Point Judith was Judithed after—no,—well, never mind, what I wanted to say was, that nobody knows anything about it anyway, so, as the lady said when her husband died, "we will now begin all over again."

## CHAPTER II.

AT an early age Judith went to live on the bleak Rhode Island shore, far from the haunts of man, her sole companion being her pet goat "Prudence," a lovely animal which took the prize in the dairy department of the county fair for being such a good butter. Here in undiluted seclusion our heroine studied the shadows of the clouds in the Mull, watched the deep scotch mists, and the lights and shades of Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Franklin, practiced duets on the melojun with Prudence, and played whist with three dummies.

In spite of all these distractions however, time hung heavily on her hands, especially at night, when she was obliged to sit up and tend the light and could not stroll out of doors, for, unfortunately she was a Hoboken blonde, and her hair and freckles were of such a brilliant shade of auburn that she was apt to be taken for a second light-house, and two light-houses so near together would be likely to confuse the average mariner, and make him think he had got the jumps again. Therefore, as I said before, Judith was obliged to keep indoors of nights, and in consequence she was so burdened with ennui that for want of something better to do she at last taught herself to read.

This act, as her father had predicted, was the cause of endless misery, for a copy of *Harper's Bazar* now filled her soul with envious longings, and after one or two novels she realized how empty life was without a young man.

She pondered long hours as to where this necessary young man could be found and gotten hold of, and she had almost given the subject up in despair when one evening she chanced upon that sweet old song of Goethe's, "*Abendglocke laute heute abend nicht*," and this suggested a brilliant idea. "The light shall not shine to-night!" she exclaimed, paraphrasing the words of the song, and so up the spiral staircase she flew and put out the lamp.

In consequence, an hour later, a vessel was wrecked near the point. There was but one survivor, a nice young man with very short hair and a striped suit, checks being then out of fashion. He was unconscious when Judith found him, and as pale and white as though he had been through the Fall River Laundry. With Prudence's help Judith dragged him up to the light-house and hung him up by the heels to drain, and then she hastened to light the lamp again as she feared the approach of the Newport boat, for although she was neither select or exclusive she felt it her duty to draw the line at Newporters, either dead or alive.

She next turned her attention to resuscitating her guest. First she tried a bottle of Congress water, but this proving ineffectual she at once decided to produce artificial respiration, so turning the blast of the fog-horn engine down her patient's throat she blew him up like a balloon, brought him to his senses in a jiffy, and made him beg for some peppermint by way of an antidote.

Just at this moment the stillness was broken by a lusty voice singing,

"For I'm a graduate of Harvard College,  
And I can therefore put on endless airs,  
Although at present I'm a car conductor,  
With a bell-punch and many other cares."

A moment later the door opened, Mr. Rooney entered and at once asked his daughter to give him some *Coffea*. He went on to explain that *Coffea* was the homœopathic antidote for the effects of too great joy, and as he had just left Boston he felt greatly in need of it. He next proceeded to inquire who the youth in the striped suit and hiccups was, whereupon the young man in question handed him a visiting card having this inscription:

MR. GUILLAUME LE CHEVREAU,  
Sing Sing, Cell 38.                      Tuesdays.

"Who and what might you be?" inquired Mr. Rooney sternly.

"I am," answered the youth, from amid his hiccups, "a member of the famous old Hunyadi family. I came originally from Hungary, and if you could only see me eat you would n't doubt it for an instant. For the last few years, however, I have been at Sing Sing but have just escaped (here Mr. Rooney reached for a club). I have, however, several bushels of Government bonds safely hidden a few hundred miles from here."

"Oh, that alters matters," said Mr. Rooney with a sigh of relief as he laid down the club. "Make yourself at home," he continued, "and allow me to present my daughter Judith." And so saying he went out to bob for trout in the surf.

A pause now ensued during which Judith thoughtfully scratched her right ankle with her other foot.

At last, however, Judith said with some embarrassment:

"Mr. Kid, did you know this was leap year?"

Mr. Kid appeared so terror-stricken at this announcement

that in order to soothe him Judith sat down at the meloju and began to sing, "O, had I the wings of a dove," but upon glancing over her shoulder she discovered that Mr. Kid evidently had, for he was gone, and the door stood wide open.

Snatching up her train Judith flew after him, out into the black night towards the deep, treacherous marshes.

She was never seen again.

This happened years and years ago.

"But still the boatmen hear her call,  
But still the boatmen hear her call,  
Call sweet William home,  
Across the sands, O D——!"

R. K.

A HOUSEHOLD word—bills.

SPORTING intelligence—showing off your wisdom.

"AM I fond of *Sorosis*?—do n't men-shun it! The (ad) dresses are always lovely."—*Kate Field*.

THE editor of the New York *Tryblaine* is an astute politician.

He publishes Mr. Conkling's daily witticisms, with explanatory diagrams.

This may obtain Mr. Conkling's support.

But has a long-suffering public no right to consideration from Reid Law White?



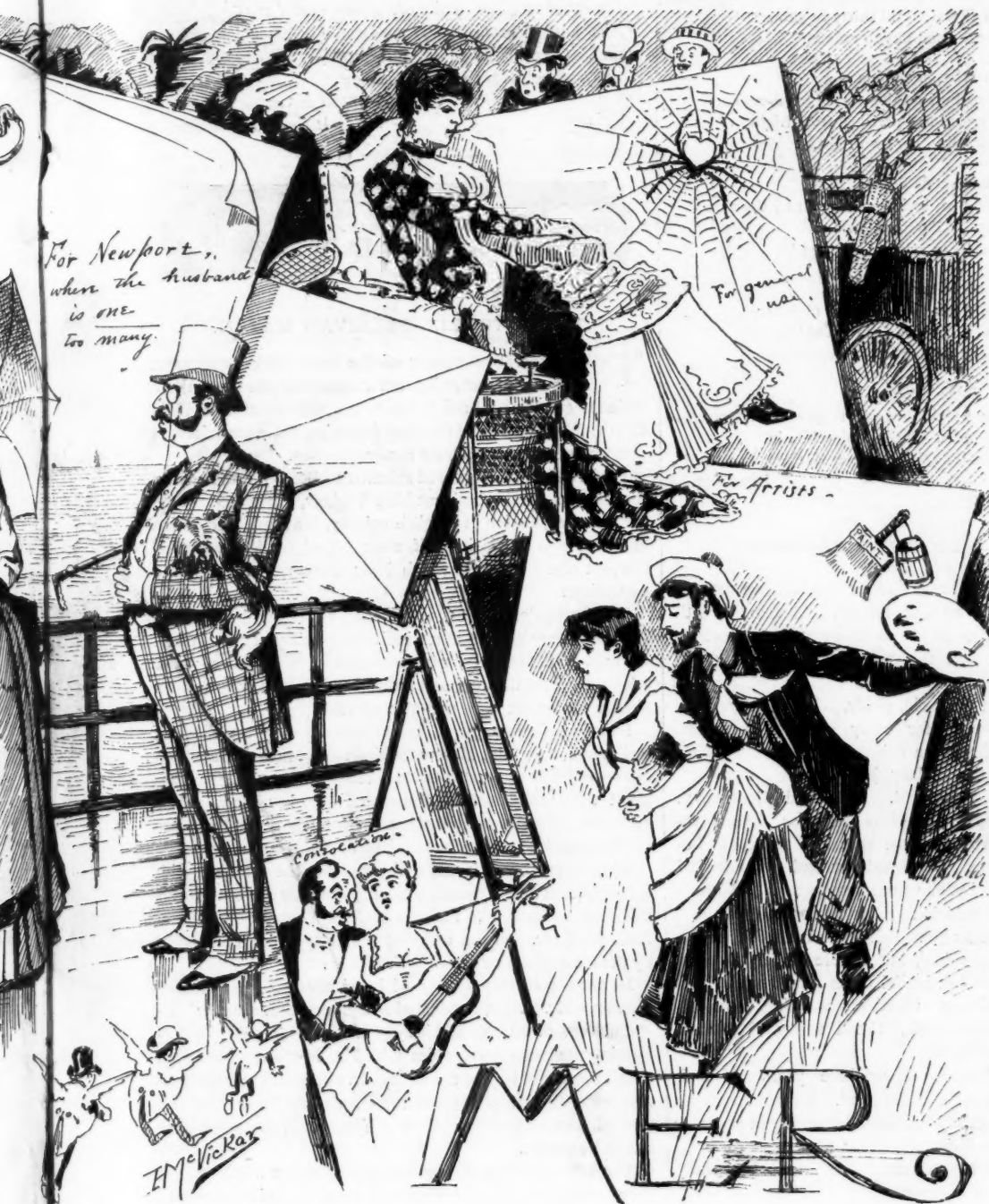
Absent-minded parson to disconsolate widow (whose wife he had buried only the week before): WELL, MR. BROWN, HOW DOES YOUR WIFE STAND THE HEAT?







HE .



ONS FOR NOTE PAPER.  
SUMMER STYLES.

## THE BALLADE OF JERUSHA, ETC.

JERUSHA Keturah Miranda Sophia  
Was so cross-eyed and plain that no lover came nigh her ;  
And since she had waited till thirty in vain,  
A sorry old maid she seemed like to remain.

So Jerusha Keturah Miranda Sophia  
Had this fiction palmed off on the worthy town-crier :  
That an uncle in England had perished from fright,  
And left her a million all in her own right.

To Jerusha Keturah Miranda Sophia  
This news, it was claimed, had been brought by the wire ;  
And all of the gossips in Pumpkintown said,  
How nice such a damsel to woo, and to wed !

Well, Jerusha Keturah Miranda Sophia  
Has captured a dudelet who would n't go nigh her  
Till he thought he was sure as a fellow could be  
That she had the round million he wanted to see.

O, Jerusha Keturah Miranda Sophia,  
You are cross-eyed and plain, but you 're good on a flyer,  
But what will the dude say, when, roping him in  
(Though he knew there 's no *tin-sell*), he finds there 's no TIN !"  
LUDOVICI.

## FOR SALE—A LOT OF CLERGYMEN.

CAREFULLY assorted and warranted to deceive the best critics. First job lot this season. All familiar with the Revised Testament. Sold positively without reserve. Empty churches will find this the best opportunity yet offered.

No. 1. Twenty-seven years old, sickly, pale and interesting. Andover. Took first prize for essay on Pre-Adamitism. Has n't read a word of modern science and do n't want to. Plays chess, but no cards. Salary, \$1,200.

No. 2. Thirty-four years old. Yale and Goettingen. Traveled through Europe. Describes Paris vice like an eye-witness. Devout. Divorced from wife in Connecticut because she was Unitarian. Disowned her and two heretical children he had by her. Willing to marry again. Two barrels unused sermons all paid for. Salary, \$3,000.

No. 3. Forty-three years old. Self-made man, formerly a baker. English at times bad, but sincere and a powerful voice. Refuted Darwin but infidel press would n't publish it. Married ; eight children. Considers waltzing immoral, but will take part in quadrille. Small salary. Donation parties thankfully received.

No. 4. Amherst. Trinity. Forty-three years old and handsome, florid, complexion guaranteed. Dining and winning a specialty. Short sermons, beautiful manuscript prayers. Unmarried. Desires a delicate partner of pious character and wealth demanded by the exigencies of modern life. Church rows attended to. \$5,000.

No. 5. Forty-nine years old. Oxford. Dalmatic, incense and private confessional. Preaches to the *elite* ; no Irish

allowed. Four rear pews for colored people and domestics. Slight flaw in early record—deacon's wife. All a malicious lie. Circumstantial evidence and a packed jury. \$6,000.

For other lots, see catalogue. Two weeks' trial.

Also job lot second-hand sermons, all doctrinal, 15 cents a pound. Great bargains in assorted prayers. Also one barrel Sunday-school addresses good as new.

PAGANINI & CO.,  
Bible-house Square.



## THE MITCHELL-SULLIVAN MATCH.

THE vituperative powers of the New York Press were adequately shown by the disgraceful abuse of those eminent gentlemen Prof. J. Lawrence Sullivan and the Hon. Charles Mitchell on the morning following their unperformed performance at the Madison Square Garden.

Prof. Sullivan, an honored scientist of Boston at the earnest request of several prominent New Yorkers, consented to join Mr. Mitchell, a scion of English nobility, in a refined exhibition of fisticuffery. This in itself was a bit of condescension on the part of a Bostonian which New York would do well to appreciate.

The leaders of all grades of Society, to the number of seven thousand were present at an individual outlay of two dollars. Captain Williams, the representative of the police under whose auspices this and other delightful entertainments of a similar nature are held, was also present.

Shortly before the guests began to arrive word was received at the box-office that Messrs. Sullivan and Mitchell were both indisposed and the match could not take place. The management very praiseworthily announced this, but the would-be audience clamored for tickets and absolutely thrust their two dollar notes into their reluctant hands.

Then after having forced their way into the building, with a boorishness which causes a blush to mantle our cheek, this audience, composed of the *elite* of New York City, clamored fiercely for Mr. Sullivan and cast a blot upon our civilization by demanding the return of their money.

In answer to this display of boorishness the too condescending Mr. Sullivan appeared and stated that a weeks' accumulation of malaria in his system would prevent his performing the usual ceremonies with Mr. Mitchell's person, in which sentiment he was upheld by Mr. Mitchell, who remarked that under the circumstances the affair could be nothing but an exhibition of brutality into which he would not allow himself to be drawn.

The gentlemen having expressed themselves as above, the crowd broke out again into fierce denunciations and redemanded their money. The management endeavored to soothe the excitement by offering to turn the affair into a Blaine and

A VERY BROAD DISTINCTION.

"Y O' better hide, Uncle Ben," said "Chuck" De Frost to Ben Mundy, laying down a jug of molasses, to rest his arm, and leaning against the fence. "I should n't wonder if the ole lady seen yo' wid dat coat yo' lugged off last nite."

"G' way dar," said "Uncle" Ben, looking up with the whites of his eyes from the onion bed. "S'posin' I did lug off a coat, niggah; dat ain't no wuss 'n wot yo' done;" and he nervously chewed an onion top and began to weed very fast. "P'raps dey wa' n't no flut-terin' ob fidders last nite?—oh, no. P'raps yo' did n't tote off a hen? Oh, no, sutt'en'ly; ob course not!"

"Sho! now, Uncle Ben," said "Chuck," looking cautiously around him, "I—I—I might have lifted a hen or two off de perch, jes' for 'musement. But yo' took a coat; dat 's steal-in'!"

H. V. S.

**HINT TO CONGRESSMEN.**—When about to address the House, please bear in mind, and copy as nearly as possible, the practice of the cook, who, in preparing a sheep's head, never dishes up the tongue without the brains.

THE champion light-weight—a "pound" of steak.

A HEARTLESS PARENT.

WE would call the attention of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" to the following sad case:

"Pa," said Brown's little Tommy, "if you died, would you still be a lawyer?"

"I guess so," answered Brown.

"For how long?" asked Tommy.

"For attorneyty," replied the inhuman Brown.

Little Tommy may recover with careful nursing, but the chances are against him.

A SAIL IN A CAT-BOAT.

I.

I SHALL have a nice trip.  
Of the sea air I'll sip.  
(What makes the thing tip?)

II.

In this sweet little boat,  
On the billows afloat,  
(Where is my rubber coat?)

III.

I could sail for a year  
Without any fear.  
(I'm feeling so queer!)

IV.

O'er the ocean I'll roam;  
I will skim o'er the foam,  
(I wish I were home!)

V.

While the winds moan and sigh  
And the waters dash high,  
(I'm afraid I shall die.)

VI.

\*\*\*!\*\*\* (—)??\*,;. .  
?!!!!!! ——— ? ———!  
Oh, my!

L. D.



Logan ratification meeting, which offer, owing to the fact that nine-tenths of the audience were Democrats, was rejected with scorn.

Prof. Sullivan has been charged with dishonesty for not having the money refunded. This is adding insult to injury, for his share of the receipts did not exceed \$5,000, and he said that he would not have had the thing turn out as it did for \$20,000. This fixes his personal loss at \$15,000.

The public should be more considerate in affairs of this kind. After forcing the money upon the eminent gentlemen

the demand to have it returned was unworthy of the liberality displayed in regard to the Bartholdi Pedestal fund.

We sincerely hope that the public will think this matter over carefully and make all possible reparation to Mr. Sullivan on his next appearance in this city.

In closing by way of apology to Boston and for New York we will say that had Mr. Sullivan employed his usual persuasive methods with the audience as individuals rather than as a crowd, matters would have been more satisfactorily arranged.

B.



## REVENGE IS SWEET.

(From *Fliegende Blätter*.)

## OUR PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

IN opening this department we are actuated by a desire to offer a field for promoting intelligent thought on the part of our younger readers, and in order to hold out the greatest possible attractions shall publish every week a prize conundrum, and shall present to the correct guesser of the answer the munificent sum of \$2.74. To a genius of fertility here is a chance to obtain a steady income!

Answers must be neatly written on legal cap, on one side of the sheet only, and must be handed in on or before a week ago the Monday first preceding the issuance of the conundrum.

Stamps should accompany each communication, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

## No. I.

*Buried Statesmen.*

[NOTE.—This puzzle is similar to the more familiar hidden cities. To aid the student we offer as an example the following: "Democratic Majority." In this there will be at least two statesmen found buried. The answer will at once be seen to be, "James G. Blaine and John A. Logan." With this explanatory note we have no doubt the first of our delightful series of Burials will prove what Shakespeare called a "Kneesy one!" ]

## Chicago Convention.

What five statesmen are found buried here?

## No. II.

*Charade.*

I'm colder than ice;  
I'm madder than hops;  
My awfulest vice:  
Indulgence in S. O. Ps.

## No. III.

*Enigma.*

I am composed of twelve letters. These, however, were not the Mulligan Letters.

My 1, 2, 3 is what there was in the Chicago Convention when I was—but, stay, I must not give myself away.

My 6, 2, 7 I am especially strong in. When I was Speaker of—but, as I said before, "stay!"

My 6, 9, 10, 8 is the first name of the author of my book, but, for goodness' sake, do n't say I told you.

My 10, in my opinion, is the greatest man on earth.

My 6, 2, 3, 4, 5 is what I'm fond of playing. If you do n't believe it, ask the Peruvians.

My 7, 9, 11, 12 is what some people think I am to the Republican party. Some people will lie. I've been there!

This about does me up, and I may therefore say that

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 is a corker.

## No. IV.

*Prize Puzzle.*

Who has the best chance for the next Presidency, James G. Blaine or Chester A. Arthur?

HEREAFTER.

TWO sons of the Emerald Isle were standing the other evening on Adams Street. One was evidently a fresh arrival in this country. They were watching the lightning-bugs.

"What 's thim little divils, Dennis?"

"Thim 's lightnin'-bugs."

"Phwat 's that?"

"Thim 's the sowls of all the Englishmen that iver doyed. When owld Nick gets a howlt of them, he toies a bit of doinamoite tir their tails and sends them over to Amerriky to see how happy us Oirish is over here!"

"Faix, his majesty is a moighty just man. He knows just how to trate them. He must have been born in the owld sod himself!"

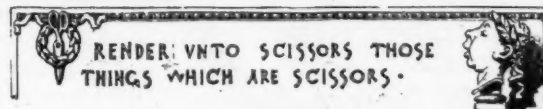
WHO says that the war vessels of the American Navy are not fast? Go to! Some are so very fast that it is impossible to move them.

NAVY PLUG—a horse marine.

NOTE to contributors—LIFE is short.

ILLICIT distiller's motto—Make away while the moon shines.

A VOTIVE offering—something that comes to pass about election time.



RENDER VNTO SCISSORS THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE SCISSORS.

A TYPE-SETTER'S NEED.

MINKS—I do n't see why it is that if men originally had tails they do n't stay on.

Finks—According to Darwin the tails dropped off when there was no further use for them.

Minks—No further use for them! Good gracious! Did Darwin think that?

Finks—Certainly.

Minks—Well, I guess he never saw a bald-headed printer setting type in fly time.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"LA ME!" exclaimed an old lady who had been reading the hotel arrivals in a daily paper; "how many people there be who come from 'Do'!"—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

ANOTHER ONE FOUND.

LITTLE JACK—"If you do n't do as I say I won't play."

LITTLE DICK—"Then you are a mean selfish boy, that 's all."

LITTLE JACK—"I ain't; I 'm a patriot."

LITTLE DICK—"A patriot?"

LITTLE JACK—"Yes, I 'm a bolter, like pa."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"JUST to think," Said a Vassar graduate, "here is an account of a train being thrown from the track by a misplaced switch. How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around." And she went on reading and eating caramels.—*Hartford Times*.

THE Press makes the startling statement that "the lipipoops and the mugwumps came from the same zoophyte." It does n't seem possible!—*Norristown Herald*.

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"The artist has done a clever thing, and the wit's capital."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"None who enjoy thoroughly good satire and caricature in pictures should fail to see this book."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"Mr. Mitchell, with but scanty text, has fully developed all the manners and ways of the acolytes who follow Cupid. The artist who makes these pictures has exceedingly good taste and a dainty pencil, for chubby cherubs are flitting all over his pages, and when he wants to be comic, his pictures are always conceived in good taste."—*N. Y. Times*.

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UABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Ex-  
press & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 101 Pearl St., N. Y.

BEN BUTLER will stand about as much chance  
in a Democratic National Convention as a snow-  
ball in Hades.—*Galveston News.*

Now are the wild, weird songs of night  
Borne to us through the open lattices,  
And wake us up in sore affright—  
Some are cats and some are catesses.  
—*St. Paul Herald.*

A LITTLE five-year-old miss of the Stock Yard  
district somewhat surprised her mamma this  
morning by the mature remark: "God is every-  
where, mamma; he's all over me, and you  
musn't spank me, 'cause if you do, you spank  
God."—*Exchange.*

AN Indian chief, while in Washington, was  
taken to see the burlesque show. After the perfor-  
mance he remarked, through an interpreter, that the  
Great Father was very kind to send the poor In-  
dian blankets, when they were so much needed at  
home.—*S. F. Argonaut.*

A LITTLE girl came from her Sunday-school in  
a high state of indignation because her Sunday-  
school teacher had told her that Jesus was a Jew.  
"Was he a Jew, mother?" "Why, yes, my dear,"  
said the mother, a little doubtfully, as if unwill-  
ing to concede the objectionable fact, but unable  
to deny it; "I suppose he was a Jew." "But I  
thought He was the Son of God." "So He is,  
my dear." "I do n't see how, then, He could  
be a Jew," responded the young sectarian, "for  
God is a Presbyterian."—*Christian Union.*

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### DEMANDING A NEW TRIAL.

A VERDICT of murder in the first degree had just been brought in.

"Your Honor," said the prisoner's counsel, rising and addressing the Court, "I demand a new trial."

"On what ground?" asked the Judge.

"On the ground that some members of the jury are incompetent to render a just verdict. Among them are an undertaker, a rope manufacturer, a florist, and a dealer in mourning goods."

A new trial was granted.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### HE HAD NEVER MADE A STUDY OF IT.

THEY were standing at the front gate.

"How bright the moon is to-night, George, dear," she said.

"Yes," replied George, "it is a perfect evening."

"Do you put any faith in Mr. Wiggins' alleged discovery of another moon—a dark moon?" she asked.

"Well, I hardly know what to think about the matter. Such a discovery may be possible. But I do n't know. In fact," he continued frankly, "when I was at college I never paid any attention to botany."—*Sun.*

### BREAKING IT GENTLY.

YOUNG wife: My dear, you were the stroke oar at college, were n't you?

Young husband: Yes, love.

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"

"I was the leader."

"And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?"

"Quite a hand?" My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! Why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and—"

"Well, love, just please carry the baby a couple of hours; I'm tired."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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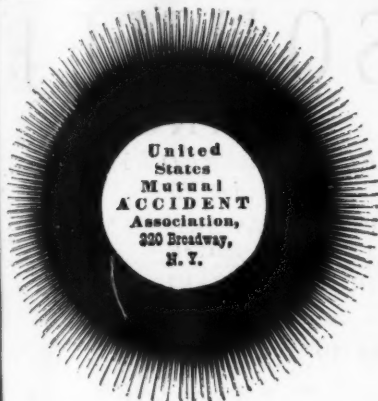
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 THE ONLY  
**GENUINE VICHY**

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.  
**HAUTERIVE** } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,  
 AND } &c., &c.  
**CELESTINS** }  
**GRANDE GRILLE**—Diseases of the Liver.  
**HOPITAL**—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.